

# Germany, 19th Century

## PRUSSIA IN 1870.

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**Prussia Described—Prussia and France—Prussian Soldiers—The sudden Popularity of the King—Ignorance of Languages—German Farm Life—Rude Agriculture—American plows—Berlin the Capital—Mr. Bancroft, the American Minister—The Prussian Parliament—King William—Sketch of Bismarck—General Moltke—Various Public Characters—How the People live.**

Prussia is doubtless to Americans, at this present time, the most interesting country in Europe. It is not for what she has been, nor for what she is, but the promise of a great future that especially attracts. That future means the entire German nation—about forty millions of people—united under one government and one code of laws. For a century, the German people have been struggling for German unity, but the ambitions of different states and kingdoms, for an independent existence, have delayed, but can not prevent the final consummation.

The aspirations of the German nation for political unity, led, in 1866, to the war between Austria and Prussia, resulting in the defeat of Austria and the dissolution of the old German Diet. The reorganization which followed the war is regarded nowhere as a permanent settlement, but only as a temporary compromise for avoiding new and serious complications. The present war with France was made by Louis Napoleon through fear of the overshadowing power of Prussia.

By the war with Austria, Prussia gained great accessions of population and territory, and took position as one of the leading powers of Europe. Her population was increased from eighteen millions to about thirty millions of people, and her territory from one hundred and eight thousand to one hundred and thirty-five thousand square miles; consisting of Prussia and the German States north of the river Main. Hence, Prussia is sometimes designated North Germany, and the union, "The North German Confederation." Her area is a trifle less than that of the combined states of New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia. In North Germany 71 per cent. of the population are Protestant, and 26 per cent. Catholic. In South Germany the Catholic element predominates.

The man to whose foresight Prussia owes her recent rapid advance to a first rate power, is Count Otto Von Bismarck, who, in clearness and massiveness of intellect, stands confessedly at the head of the statesmen of Europe.

It was in the summer of 1867 that our countryman, Rev. Dr. Bellows, traveled in Prussia. In his published letters, he presents his impressions of the national life at the very interesting period in the history of the country. One of the most thoughtful and observant of travelers, his letters, from which we make a few extracts, are particularly instructive. He says:

“Passing from Holland into Prussia we found ourselves, the moment we crossed the frontier, in a military country, and felt at once the change from a nation at rest and in the ordinary condition of things, to a nation aroused and thrilled through and through with new life and ambition.

The depots seemed almost American in the activity and crowded appearance they presented. Soldiers were almost as thick as civilians, and they looked like men with business on hand, and not mere frames for uniforms. The country, too, though old and uninteresting in itself, presented an appearance of rapid improvement, and looked new with its new life. The further we have gone into Prussia, the more the awaking of the nation has struck us. The recent war has put this country into a striking sympathy with the United States in the revival of all its energies, the consciousness of power, and the prevalence of the sentiment of nationality. The mighty and successful effort it lately made against Austria, so far from exhausting its strength or ambition, has only nerved it for greater things, and aroused every drop of military feeling in a people who have not forgotten Frederick the Great.

The Luxembourg question was settled, not without much resistance from the popular feeling, which would have enjoyed an opportunity of measuring swords with France. How long the itch for a chance to pay off old scores with their natural enemy, as Prussia holds France to be, will be controlled by prudent statesmanship, remains to be seen. But we saw daily evidences that among the people at large, and especially the army, war with France would bring every Prussian to the front, and render almost any amount of personal sacrifice easy.

We are too warm lovers of the new German Empire—for that is the manifest destiny of things here—to wish to see it risked by a war with France. Meanwhile, let us confess the strength of the favorable impression all the Prussian officers have made upon us. A handsomer, more intelligent, or more spirited set of soldiers, we have never met. They certainly wholly outshine the French officers in mere exterior promise. Tall, well-made, soldier-like in bearing, they have the manners of educated gentlemen, and look as fit for peace as for war.

The King of Prussia, a man of seventy, it will be recollected, succeeded his brother only five years ago, although, owing to the paralytic condition of the late King, he had been regent for ten years before he came to the throne. A great stickler for military etiquette and discipline, and a determined upholder of his prerogative, he has never been popular with the liberal party, nor indeed with the people generally, until since the late war. Two years ago he shared with Count Bismarck the odium of dissolving the Parliament be-

cause it would not vote supplies for an increase of the army. The wisdom of the policy they had steadily pursued, of increasing and every way strengthening the military power of the country, has now been revealed by the results of the struggle with Austria and the consolidation of North Germany with Prussia; and the popularity of King William and his Prime Minister has suddenly become quite overwhelming. Even the liberals begin to believe the government friendly to their hopes. The King himself, whom I saw at Paris, and again at Ems, looks like a sensible, serious and simple-minded man. He rode last Saturday into Ems, which was decked out in charming holiday attire to receive him, with a simplicity quite extraordinary. A single outrider preceded him. His carriage was unaccompanied by others. He had one officer on the seat with him—and two mounted men followed. He wore a rather plain uniform, and the fatigue cap of Prussian officers. Nothing could be less pretentious. The country people from the neighborhood had assembled to greet their new king. The streets were gay with triumphal arches and flags and garlands. Thousands of small trees had been brought from the forest and stuck into the pavements, to wear for a day or two the appearance of growth and permanency—the most expensive and elaborate form of festive decoration I ever saw undertaken, and wonderfully successful. The King spent two or three days in the little watering-place, and moved about with almost the freedom of a private person, exhibiting no distrust of his subjects, and meeting everywhere with hearty and affectionate respect. Count Bismarck was not with him. He is, however, very popular, and not insensible to his laurels. I heard this story from a good source at Paris: Some one said to the Count, "Was not your excellency afraid that the people at Paris, instead of shouting 'Vive le Roi,' would cry 'Vive Bismarck?'" "No," said the Count; "I knew exactly what they would say, and it was far more gratifying than anything else they could have said. First 'Vive le Roi,' and then 'Voilà Bismarck.'" And certainly "Voilà Bismarck," on every occasion when he moved in any public procession, was the general exclamation. Everybody was curious to see him, and eager to point him out to his neighbor.

Dusseldorf is a model German town, solid, dull, devoted to art and music, with a fine park and capital accommodations for the first necessity of the Germans, a place for gathering over their wine and beer with their wives and children, and spending at least two evenings in the week in the open air, with orchestral music and pleasant chat. The night I passed in town happened to be the anniversary of the battle of Koniggratz, and from 5 to 10 P. M. the best portion of the citizens were in the tea-garden, adjoining the town-hall, enjoying the rational amusement of excellent music from two bands, one of strings and the other of brass, who alternated with each other. Had a member of the Total Abstinence Society entered that assembly and seen a hundred tables covered with bottles half empty, of every shape and color, mingled with mugs of beer and cups of tea and coffee, and men, women and children

seated about them, and all partaking of the various drinks, he would have been in despair at the complete sway of wine-bibbing among the people of Dusseldorf. The first ladies and gentlemen, the ministers of religion, the young women, the old men, the innocent children, all would have been in one condemnation—a wine-bibbing generation. And yet a careful survey of the garden would have failed to show one single person excited to indiscretion or the loss of self-control—one single noisy or tipsy man. And here for four or five hours are whole families in the open air, engaged in domestic and social chat, enjoying music and the sympathy of their fellow-creatures instead of being scattered and divided as with us—the old here, the young there, the men in one place, the women in another. As I looked upon the cheerfulness and moderation, the cordial intercourse, the absence of carking cares, or of haste and self-condemnation in this German tea-garden, I felt that Germany understood social life far better than any portion of America. As to the attempt to abolish drunkenness in America by a general assault upon the use of all things that can intoxicate, it is well meant, and has its excellent effects. But it is greatly to be feared that it is not enough in accordance with natural laws to be a permanent influence. We must improve family life, and specially must we cultivate the participation of men and women, old and young, in common pleasures, before we can hope to exorcise the demon of excess and sensuality from American society.”

In his letter on German life, Dr. Bellows says:

“Ignorance of the languages is a terrible obstacle to any clear and satisfactory intercourse with the natives of European countries. Americans associate abroad almost exclusively with each other, and are essentially blind and deaf to the inner life or usages and experiences of the peoples they visit. They return home with erroneous impressions, superficial views, and the prejudices they brought with them. I speak from a humiliating experience, and feel that all I venture to say upon what interests me more than anything else, the moral life of the countries I am journeying in, is subject to the deduction of a very limited range and a very shallow depth of observation.

I was fortunate enough yesterday to visit a German gentleman of wealth, intelligence, and a ripe experience, who had lived, twenty years ago, long enough in America to acquire a thorough knowledge of our language, institutions, manners and feelings, and who had been long enough back in his native country to have all the familiarity with its present life and all the German feeling essential to a proper account of the existing condition of Germany. In company with a late Governor of Rhode Island, with Mr. Wells, the Commissioner of Revenue, and our excellent and devoted American Consul-General at Frankfort, Mr. Murphy, I had the valuable opportunity of an hour or two of conversation with Herr G. There were four of us pelting him with inquiries, note-book in hand, and a more ready, competent and unfailing witness and furnisher of precise and valuable information I never yet saw under the process of cross-questioning. He is one of those men the whole business

of whose remaining life should be to answer intelligent questions concerning the economic and social life of Germany. I never happened to meet his superior in quick apprehension and explicit and full information, in the sphere of every-day observation.

The village in which Herr G. lives is half-way between Homburg and Frankfort, on the banks of the little river Neider. There he has a large farm, which he carries on under his own eye for a part of the year, living in the winter in Frankfort. He raises pretty much everything that is grown in the Middle States of America. He sends milk to market, and his cattle are all stall-fed. His cows continue perfectly healthy, although they never leave their stable. A cow is worth about forty dollars, a farm-horse about sixty. Common field-laborers are hired at about twenty-four dollars a year wages, with their board, which is estimated to cost about sixty dollars a head more.

Women receive only about sixteen dollars a year, and are allowed the same quantity of food. Their daily ration is two pounds of bread, about a quarter of a pound of cheese, sufficient potatoes, with butter or lard to cook them with, on four days of the week, and every other day a half-pound of meat, beef, mutton or veal. Cabbages, which are sold at a dollar the hundred head, are considered an article of luxury, and do not enter into the common food of the laboring class. The farm-hands are not furnished from the village; they come from Bavaria and the Fulda country, where they have little patches of land and cottages to which they return in the winter. The villagers have usually, in this Rhine region and about the Main, a little farm of perhaps ten, fifteen, twenty acres, which they work themselves, and from which they draw their living. These little strips of farm-land are worth from \$500 to \$800 per acre.

There is no considerable chance for labor-saving implements of agriculture in a country where labor is so cheap. Still, improved plows are gradually creeping in. Mr. G. introduced a new American plow into his fields a few years ago, and an interdict was immediately put upon it by the council of the village. He was obliged to apply to the highest authority in his country for a reversal of this restraining process. It was granted, and he put his plow to work. The next season the whole potato crop in the neighborhood failed, with the exception of Mr. G.'s. This put the farmers on inquiry, and it was discovered that a few inches deeper plowing with the new implement had carried the roots beyond the source of the rot, and the farmers at once adopted quite generally the American plow. It is in this way that improvements are slowly but surely creeping into the costly and wasteful methods of this German gardening, which is here called farming.

Farm-labor is not intelligent. It is chiefly Catholic in its origin, and comes from regions that are not enterprising or forehanded enough to emigrate to America. The emigration to our country is usually from districts the most advanced in comfort and mental activity, and it is the best and not the worst part of the laboring population that goes to America.



A certain kind of elementary education is compulsory in Prussia and over Germany generally. The government furnishes the teachers, but the parents of the children pay their wages. If any are too poor to do this, the expense falls upon the village. The cost of roads and bridges and their maintenance is a tax on the village. Each village has its burgomaster and its council. The chief officer, or mayor, is paid a small salary of from fifty to one hundred florins (forty cents is a florin). The council, elected by the villagers, has authority to lay taxes and collect them. These villagers are often intelligent, and very commonly take a weekly newspaper. Their houses, huddled too much together, and with none of the charms of our American village-homes, are yet comfortable, and the streets are usually cleanly; but the appearance is gloomy and monotonous. The villagers, however, meet after their day's work, to talk over local and personal matters and to discuss politics over their beer and pipe, and are not without enlightened views of their interests."

In October, our traveler was at Berlin, the third city in Europe. He writes: "Berlin—the capital of Prussia and the center of German power, material, intellectual and political—is situated on a small, stagnant stream, called the Spree, in the midst of a vast, sandy plain, which, on the north, stretches up to the Baltic, and is swept by winds that envelop it for a large part of the year in clouds and fogs. It is in north latitude 51 deg., and has a cold, damp climate, which, with its uninteresting situation, makes its growth almost a miracle. Yet in one hundred and fifty years it has become a city of 600,000, from perhaps not more than 50,000 at that date, and chiefly through the vigorous policy of Frederick the Great, in making it the center of military and intellectual life.

Trade and commerce have obeyed the attraction of these higher powers, and Berlin is now a vast capital, second only to Paris in importance and in magnificence upon the European Continent. Its streets are wide and well built. The French style of large buildings, with separate floors for private families, prevails. "Unter den Linden," its famous promenade, answers, though poorly, to the Champs Elysees of Paris. A wide and shaded walk for pedestrians, with a side-road for horsemen, runs through the middle of the street, which is lined on both sides with the principal hotels, cafes and shops. This, street, which is about a mile long, is occupied at the southern end for a quarter of a mile by the Palaces of the King and the Crown Prince, the old Schloss built by Frederick the Great, the Arsenal, the Dom, or principal church, and other public buildings. In the middle of it stands the magnificent equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, around the pedestal of which are placed in life-size, and in strict historical portraits, the statues of his chief generals, and of the statesmen and philosophers that adorned his reign. Along the sides of the street are fine statues in marble or bronze of the military heroes and statesmen of Prussia.

The absence of any good building-stone in the neighborhood has made Berlin a city of brick, covered almost in all cases with ornamented and painted

stucco. This gives a faded and unsubstantial character to the architecture generally. The dampness of the climate, with the dust, rusts the exterior of the buildings, and there is nothing bright and fresh, as in Paris, about even the newest part of Berlin. The Thier-garden (garden of animals), just outside the Brandenburg gate, is the "Bois de Boulogne" of Berlin. It is very extensive and covered with fine trees, through which rustic roads and paths are cut, and among which a few fine statues are sprinkled. On one side of this the favorite residences of the richer class are found, and new and showy streets run from it, full of large and costly private houses. The United States Minister occupies one of them, in Regenten Strasse, where he exercises an elegant hospitality to his countrymen and to the savans of Berlin, among whom he finds himself so much at home. The country is fortunate in being represented at Berlin at this critical and pregnant moment by a man known so well beforehand to the literati and statesmen of Prussia. Mr. Bancroft has received a most distinguished welcome at the Court and among the savans. Bismarck, it is said, has shown him very unusual respect, and the King, receiving him at his own table, has expressed his satisfaction at being able, for the first time, to talk with an American Minister in his own German tongue.

The flatness of Berlin is so perfect that I have hunted in vain for any natural elevation in or around it from which the city could be looked down upon. The evenness is very unfavorable to any street effects, and indeed to any easy acquaintance with the topography. Excepting the main avenue, there is hardly a commanding street in Berlin.

To-day, October 24, the Prussian Parliament—which with so little criticism has sustained the late vigorous and confessedly unlawful measure of the government—was dissolved by the King in person. About 2½ o'clock the main body of the hall began to fill with the nobles, generals, state functionaries and deputies of the kingdom. Sitting among a favored few in the tribune, or gallery, to which tickets from our Minister had admitted us, we looked down upon the gathering of this gorgeous assembly. Entering informally as they arrived, one or two at a time, we had an opportunity to watch somewhat deliberately their individual appearance. Half, at least, were either soldiers or in military uniforms, of all kinds and degrees of splendor—red, white, green—but always profusely covered with gold lace, and commonly hung about with orders and stars, sashes and ribbons. Another portion were in the usual court-dress, which is a kind of Quaker coat that has broken out into colors and gold lace. A few ecclesiastics or professors, in solemn gown and cape, with an order or two on their breasts shining all the more brilliantly from its black background, moved in the motley throng.

Perhaps fifty gentlemen in plain clothes were mixed in the assembly. There were no seats for this company, notwithstanding the venerable and infirm appearance of a large number of them. Indeed, the advanced age of most officials and notabilities in Prussia is one of the characteristic features

of a civilization where routine and slowness of advancement are painfully in the way of merit and vigor. A few chairs on one side of the simple throne (a classic chair upon a slightly raised platform) were reserved for the privy council and ministers of state, and in these, at 3 o'clock, twenty dignitaries took their places, with Bismarck at the left nearest the throne.

Suddenly a herald announced the King in a loud voice, and William I. came unattended, and cap in hand, and at once ascended the platform. He was in full uniform of a dark green, and in boots and spurs, and after bowing to the assembly, put on his cavalry cap with its fountain plume. One short, simultaneous and percussive "Owa" welcomed him. Bismarck advanced, and, with a very low salute, put the open portfolio containing the Royal speech into the King's hands. He read it in a simple and rather awkward manner, without pretension and without effect. One suppressed murmur of applause greeted the close of the paragraph referring to the harmony of the session. At the close (the reading could not have taken three minutes) Bismarck took the address from the King's hands, and turning toward the assembly, pronounced the Parliament, in the name of the King, dissolved. The King bowed and immediately descended from the throne (he had not once sat down), and left the hall amid a few hearty huzzas.

Bismarck was dressed in the same white uniform I had seen him in at the Emperor's ball at Paris. He wore jack-boots and spurs. His fine, great head upon his tall, full figure, gave him a marked superiority over the whole assembly. Power, prudence, self-possession, capacity, success, are stamped upon his features and bearing. If he is worn with care, he does not show it; perhaps he carries it in those great sacks that hang under his eyes! He seems about fifty-four, and thoroughly well-preserved. His habits are careful. He rides on horseback, and bathes in summer in the open river, a few miles from the town. He seems to possess much of the attainments of John Quincy Adams, with a tact in statesmanship which never marked that powerful politician. If he had fallen from the skies he could not have come more opportunely, or with qualifications more out of the usual line of German statesmanship.

Knowing all that German statesmen ever know, he has a thoroughly un-German dash and practical quality in him which marks him out from his predecessors, and leaves him wholly alone in his kind. With unsurpassed courage and competency, he possesses distinguished prudence and self-control. He does not undertake the impossible, nor invent a policy. He merely shapes and articulates a public sentiment which for a hundred years has waited for its crystallizing moment. He is not a moral genius, nor are disinterestedness and pure philanthropy his inspirers. But he is a patriot, and sees Prussia's opportunity to lead Germany to her destiny, and probably no man could possess qualities or antecedents better fitted to the work.

An aristocrat, he puts himself at the head of the party movement, and advocates all possible reforms in the interests of a larger liberty and a freer life.



He swallows and digests his antecedents, and evidently despises all criticism which merely convicts him of disagreement with himself—where the disagreement is necessary and born of new circumstances and new opportunities. He is clearly a whole head and shoulders above not only his cotemporaries in Prussia, but European statesmen in general; and the more I see of the slack, tape-tied, broken-spirited character of German politicians—dreamy, mechanical, wordy, theoretical and inefficient—the more I admire the prompt, incisive, practical and bold qualities of this redeemer of Germany. But I am getting on too fast. After the King left, Bismarck passed into the assembly and greeted personally a large number of the members.

General Moltke, who planned the late triumphant campaign with such prophetic wisdom, and executed it so precisely, was very conspicuous, and the center of very special attention. Not unlike General Dix in appearance, although much older, and quite infirm, Moltke, dressed in a white uniform and covered with orders, had a most modest and quiet carriage, and looked very little like a hero covered with fresh laurels. I looked in vain for Prince Carl, the cavalry leader of the war, nephew of the King and a great favorite of the people. The Prince of Prussia, with his English whiskers and great mustache, was very distinguishable. He occupies a separate palace next the King's, and seems a fair enough heir to the throne. His wife (Victoria, eldest daughter of the English Queen) is a woman of special culture and of a practical turn of mind, though capable of literary conversation and possessing marked skill with the pencil. She has six children already. The King is seventy years old—a plain, robust, soldierly man, with a great native passion for military matters—of unquestioned personal courage, and of a fair average understanding. He has a bluff face, and seems to love a simple life. He is an honest man, but without any special qualifications for the exigencies of governing.

The King is doubtless led by Bismarck, who has the tact and judgment to treat the monarch with profound deference, while the King has the sense to appreciate his Minister's superior knowledge and address, and to follow his counsels.

I attended two sessions of the Parliament which had just risen, in the temporary chamber where it sits. The Parliament is composed, like our own Congress, of two Chambers. The House of Deputies is composed of Representatives, one for each one hundred thousand of the people. To favor the smaller provinces another representative is allowed them where the fraction passes fifty thousand; an advantage which Prussia, strong in her majority, can readily afford. The Deputies quite fairly represent all classes; there are nobles, commoners and mechanics in the House. Perfect freedom of debate is allowed.

There is enough to keep one busy for a long time among the sights of Berlin, and we have passed rapidly through them. The Royal Library, one of the four largest in the world, is beautifully arranged, and contains many

most valuable and interesting MSS. and a rich assortment of illuminated missals. It is particularly rich in everything appertaining to the history of the Reformation, and is redolent with the memories of the Reformers themselves—copious specimens of whose letters and MSS. are found here.

We made a visit to Potsdam, which is eighteen miles from Berlin and corresponds to it, as Versailles does to Paris, only it far exceeds it in interest. The modern palaces are very charming, specially the summer palace of the King, and his favorite resort when he desires retirement. No palace could possess a more home-like and attractive character. The palace looked in all parts made for use, and to be really in use. No part of it was so modest and homely as the King's own bed-room, quite high up in the palace and commanding a lovely view of the river and the well-planted grounds sloping toward it. The King's bed was single, without posts, and made, like the other furniture, of a native wood. No well-to-do farmer could sleep on a plainer couch.

Prussia is a military country in even a more marked sense than France. It owes its existence, its growth, its safety, its self-respect to arms. Its people are educated by the musket; they are all under military drill. The uniform is almost the national costume. Berlin is a city of barracks and arsenals and guard-houses, and soldiers are the characteristic feature of its street population. A clean, fresh, straight, comely-looking set of fellows they are, with self-respect and order in every button and every line of their features and forms. The education to cleanliness, decent manners, good carriage and respectful behavior which this great camp, called Prussia, secures, is something most instructive to see.

The soldiers do not look brutal, coarse or sensual. There is some secret about their training which neither the French nor the English have caught. It must be a good deal in the German blood—which is not hot, but as if made of beer, not beef—a little cool and sluggish. The German military spirit is informed and corrected by the universal education of the people. German soldiers and sailors are different from American or English or French. They are neither drunkards, nor quarrelsome, nor reckless. The union of a careful elementary education with a universal participation in the soldier's calling, takes away the exceptional character and licensed rudeness which belong to soldiers when they are only a special class of the population. But, doubtless, this soldier-life, so favorable to order and decorum, and even so chastening to youthful passions, has another and a most painful side to it. It drills the Prussian youth to mechanical habits, represses personal enterprise, delays the self-relying qualities in their character, habituates them to being taken care of, encourages them to lives of busy idleness, and sacrifices each to all, the people to the country. Accordingly, there is a general spirit of listlessness, occupation with immediate pleasures, or magnifying of eating and drinking as very serious occupations, a contentment with humble means, a patient waiting for slow advancement, which it is discouraging to see in so well-educated, so respectable and so orderly a people.

Quick as Prussia is in arms—because her military life is all reduced to machinery, and the machinery is in the finest order and can be set in motion in an hour—there is no other quickness about her. She is a slow country. Every practical interest lags. Her workmen are slow, and do not effect in a day three-fourths of the work of an English or American workman. It drives one nearly crazy to see how many arms there are on the levers by which the smallest object is reached. In the restaurants one man receives the order, another carries it, a third transfers it, a fourth executes it, a fifth receives the thing executed, and a sixth makes it over to the original orderer. It takes twenty minutes to get a chop which would be before you in five minutes in an American eating-house. There is a system of military subordination running through the whole social and economical life, and this narrows and limits everybody's sphere, and contracts and paralyzes energy and hope.

The people are driven to pleasures and trifles, as a substitute for engaging occupations. They pass an immense amount of their time in beer-shops and gardens, listening to dance-music. They are not rude and drunken—far from it—but they are unaccustomed to the concerns and unfamiliar with the earnest purposes that characterize our life. And with all the freedom of which they boast, they are practically drilled out of the best part of freedom by a parental government that takes care of them like so many ungrown boys and girls.

The very students in the University are numbered like state's prisoners, and carry round a card in their pockets which they must show on demand. The police, or some government functionary, are forever meddling with the freedom of the people, who are so used to being watched and ordered and instructed that they do not even know that they are imprisoned in government rules and bureaucratic regulations. If you would go to the opera, you must make a written application for a ticket the day before, and you will receive (or perhaps not) a written notice whether you may be permitted to purchase a place! A servant girl can not leave her place without notifying the police, nor go to one without her paper of confirmation and two or three other certificates.

Every Prussian must carry a passport in moving from town to town, which any sentinel may challenge him to produce. The fact is, the people are tied with a very short string to every finger and toe, and can not move out of their places, and the misfortune is that they do not seem to know it. They talk very loudly and proudly of English and American license and disorder, and civic immoralities and drunkenness and crime, and admire very much their freedom from these misfortunes; but they forget that alongside these tares the strongest wheat is growing, and that their political soil is much like their sandy territory, unfavorable to any large growths of either weeds or wheat.

In regard to the political situation in Prussia, it may be said that the only two parties are those of Bismarck, aiming at the unity of all Germany mainly by military force, and the party which wishes to bring about the same result by voluntary concession on the part of the outlying southern states. There

is no doubt that the *force* party is carrying the day. Already force has brought three-quarters of all Germany into union, and the other quarter is very sure to fall in.

The overwhelming predominancy of Prussia will be abated by the union, and thus the general liberties of the German race greatly advanced. Many conservatives perceive this side of the consolidation, and are opposed to it as involving a peril for Prussian influence. "Union first and liberty afterward" has been here, as with us, the cry of patriots. But many who might like the union, do not like the liberty, and they prefer to keep things as they now are, with Prussian influence in Germany at the very highest point. But this can not be done. Bismarck has the good sense to see that Prussia must finally yield to German nationality. He is, therefore, in opposition to his old conservative associates, accepting the destiny of Prussia, and aiding it in a certain way to sacrifice itself to a larger interest. This is noble.

Bismarck has for his invaluable assistants in shaping Prussia and Germany, General Moltke, the first soldier in Europe, and General Wrode, an admirable tactician and organizer. Having himself been ambassador at every important court in Europe—Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Vienna—he thoroughly knows diplomatic characters and political tendencies, and can make his combinations with unfailing skill. He was a student of Louis Napoleon until he excelled his master in astuteness, courage, and success. He is a sort of combination of Mr. Seward and General Grant; with the dialectic and diplomatic acuteness and use of skillful means and patient methods, without much care for what people say, which has distinguished the Secretary of State, and with the energy and pertinacity of character, the prudence and directness which have illustrated the career of the Lieutenant-General. Bismarck was once a Prussian captain, but does not claim a soldier's reputation. The King had made him a general, partly because he likes to see his Minister in military uniform and partly as a compliment.

One of the most striking illustrations of the repressive tendencies of Prussian policy is seen in the forbiddance to retail newspapers or pamphlets and books in the streets of Berlin. To have a newspaper, you must subscribe for it for the year. As a consequence, the newspapers are neither numerous, enterprising, nor universally read. There seems a want of acquaintance with current events—a difficulty about obtaining local information, which is unfavorable to liberty and practical intelligence.

There is a certain awkwardness in small affairs, a want of tact, or of a sense of fitness—of practical ingenuity and address—here in Northern Germany which is unaccountable. The public buildings here, at the center of physical science, are wastefully and stupidly arranged as to entrance and exit, and terribly unventilated. All windows and doors are awkwardly handled. There is no grace and facility in mechanical matters.

In respect of the custom of living in stories, or apartments—some poor people in the cellar, a *graf* on the first floor, a *hochrath* on the second, a shop-

keeper on the third, and a shoe-maker on the fourth—there is much to be said on both sides. It abolishes special districts, in which rich or poor live. It brings the two ends of society together; it makes the children of the various orders and classes acquainted with each other, and secures a certain democratic sympathy. It is favorable to external morality and order. On the other hand, it destroys the privacy and free development of class-life, which we see in England and America. It makes *home* a less sacred word, and depresses those marked qualities which grow up in a less watched and more castellated domesticity.

In regard to the general morals of Berlin (a representative city), it is unquestionably a place of extraordinary order and decency—a place where tradesmen and mechanics keep their word, where crime is unfrequent, and where drunkenness or furious orgies, such as we have in England and America, are rare. At one season of the year they go into the country and drink buck-beer for a few days (a very potent liquor), and indulge in a kind of saturnalia. There is an immense festivity always going on in beer-gardens—where the people flock, especially on Sundays and festivals. Wine and beer and schnapps have an immense consumption; but, either because the temperament of the people is more lymphatic, or because they have learned by experience to regulate their appetites, or because there is more domestic companionship in their pleasures, there does not seem to be the same tendency to perilous excess.

